

TOM 3/6
THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom came running down the
Yes, yes, Tom stole the pig, [street,
There is the man that made it.

LONDON. T. GOODE, 30, AYLESBURY-
STREET. CLERKENWELL.
Also, S. Goode, Melbourne, Port Phillip

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



There is the man that made it.
Yes, yes, I can tell the pig, I trust,
And Tom came running down the
The pig was called Tom was best.
Stole a pig and away he ran.
Tom, Tom, the pig's a son.

LONDON: T. GOODE, 30, PATERNOSTER

STREET, CLERKENWELL.

THE H. GOODE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

TOM

THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he
was young,
All the tunes that he could
play
Was over the hills and far
away.



Now Tom after this learned
to play with such skill,
That whoever heard him
could never stand still.
As soon as he play'd they
began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs
Would after him prance.



He met with old dame Trot
 With a basket of eggs,
 He used his pipe and she
 used her legs.
 She danced about till her
 eggs were all broke,
 Then he left her to fret
 While he laugh'd at the joke



Tom saw a cross fellow who
was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots,
pans, dishes and glass.
He played them a jig and
they danc'd to the tune
And the Jack asses loau,
Was lightened full soon.



Once a dog got a sow fast
 by the ear,
 The sow squall'd out murder and Tom being near
 He play'd them a tune and
 they did not dance bad.
 Considering the little caper
 ing they had,



Tom met with a parson in a
sad dirty place,
When he made him to dance
he had so little grace,
He danced in the dirt till he
danced in the ditch,
Where he left him in mud
quite up to his britch.



Some little time after Tom
 slept in some hay,
 The very same parson was
 passing that way.
 He took poor Tom's pipe
 and bid him prepare
 To answer his crimes before
 the Lord Mayor



To the Lord Mayor he took
 him,
 And told him Tom's art,
 To make people dance with
 a sorrowful heart,
 Beg'd he'd send him to sea,
 Where he might teach a
 dance
 To the great Bonaparte, the
 first consul of France



To the Lord, My dear heart,
him,
and told him that I
To make people dance with
a sorrowful heart,
I'd be a good man to see
Where he might be
dances.
In the great Bonaparte, the
first of France.